

Gotham In Fun And Otherwise.

Those Advertised Piano Bargains—A Fortunate Thing For Strauss—Popular Ignorance of Anatomy.
"Words, Words."

(From Our New York Correspondent.)

LAST Sunday there appeared in one of the morning papers an advertisement that appealed to me with unusual insistence. A prominent department store known in Gotham and vicinity for its square dealing notified the public that on the following morning it would open a bargain sale of second-hand pianos, "some of them used only slightly by artists." A list of the makers was appended, and I recognized among them more than one manufacturer of worldwide reputation. Not the least attractive feature of the business was the legend "From \$75 up."

Scarcely a week before this my feelings had been harrowed cruelly. Late one evening as I sat at my piano, a prettily bound volume of John Sebastian Bach's "Inventions" on the rack before me—I admit that I do not approach Herr Rosenthal in technique, but, really, I thought I was not doing so very badly—there was a long, earnest ring at my telephone. Almost before I had time to adjust the receiver to my more reliable ear I recognized the late evening voice of my Teutonic janitor, who resides in the basement.

"Meester Prown," it came sepulchral, "warum—I mean me vy don't you kvit it?"

"Haven't I the right? Who is objecting to Bach? Who is it?" I returned indignantly.

"You bin all right, Bach bin all right, every body bin all right nur nicht de man kvit blano. Object, mein-alter twenty-five kvicks in drei minuten."

It was not a recent piano. When I could think it over dispassionately I was almost shocked to remember how long the instrument had been among the lures—or would it be listed among the penates?—of the Brown family. Originally it must have been of marvelous tone, for it had not altered during my lifetime. I had grown so familiar with its every whisper that I should have recognized it anywhere. From that moment I resolved to part with it, to replace it with an instrument of more modern capabilities, and when I came across that advertisement I felt that something providential was doing. With that end in view, but otherwise preserving the appearance of a shrewd bargain hunter, I presented myself at an early hour on Monday morning at the piano counter of the store.

Contrary to my expectations, there was no bargain hunting crowd in attendance. I walked boldly up to the Chopin viennese youth in charge and asked to be accorded a glimpse of one of the pianos advertised at \$75 up, "some of them used only slightly by artists." He smiled—unhappily, I thought—and preceded me to an inner chamber—in the basement, I remember it was.

"This," said he, stopping in juxtaposition to the most amazing concert

been used by many who were not artists," he returned.

What I did was to go straight to a leading dealer in high priced pianos and order a thousand dollar grand, which will have to be paid for some time and in some way, I know not precisely how or when. The agreement is that it shall be liquidated in installments, my old piano being taken in lieu of the first payment.

Season before last when Fremstad sang the part of the heroine in Richard Strauss' highly favored "Salome" for one night only Gotham awoke to a perfect landslide of virtuous disapproval. It wasn't that the music of the opera is especially trying—New York opera goers are pretty well fortified against anything of that sort—but the very audacity of the thing fairly took the public's breath away. The appearance of that paper mache head of John the Baptist on a very respectable charger and the subsequent highly specialized hysteria of the mimic daughter of Herodias seemed to be more provocative of disgust than was the real thing which happened some twenty centuries ago.

It was but ephemeral—that spasm of distaste for things sacred made inexpressibly vulgar. A year later all the places of cheap amusement in Greater New York were doing their various versions of Salome's unladylike conduct without a word of protest from any one whose disapproval meant anything worth while. Divested of melody and of about everything else save the summer weight seven veils, this abbreviated "Salome" has raged like an epidemic, and it is a good thing for Richard Strauss and his opera that it has happened so. It has made it possible for Oscar Hammerstein to produce the once repudiated work at his Manhattan Opera House without the interposition of Mr. Anthony Comstock and his admirable society. It has also made it possible for Mary Garden to sing the title role and to do the dance with her own shapely feet.

Next in point of inexplicability to the fact that the north pole still remains undiscovered must be put the denseness which prevails among the laity regarding the human anatomy. It is not unlikely that the reason for this is because medicine and surgery have never been freed from the yards and yards of mummy cloth which incloses them. Perhaps it is feared that should there ever be an unwinding of these cerements nothing would be found underneath them. Be that as it may, it is certain that the ordinary Gothamite knows mighty little concerning his internal construction. He agrees with the learned Dr. Pailey that it was very considerate of the Creator to inclose the intricate human mechanism in such a decent case as is provided for man and let it go at that.

As an illustration I beg leave to adduce Jacobus Damm, a man whose blood is reputed to be more knickerbocker than otherwise. Meeting him recently in a spot so secluded that it seemed unlikely that I should be compromised, I proceeded to ask after the welfare of a mutual acquaintance.

"As well as could be expected," he returned, "under the circumstances."

I knew that all that was necessary was to look interrogatively in the direction of Jacobus, and I did so.

"Haven't you heard?" he rattled on. "He's had an appendix removed."

"Indeed?" I ejaculated sympathetically. "Which one?"

"I forgot to ask," said Jacobus innocently.

At this I laughed outright. "How many appendices had the man to start with?" I inquired.

"I suppose he was provided with the usual number," replied Jacobus, with dignity.

An esteemed correspondent (so his typewriter spells it) in Upper Nyack-on-the-Hudson complains of my use of the word "thaumaturgical" in connection with the Vanderbilt millions. He is of the opinion that it is hard enough to bear the burden of great wealth without "rubbing it in" with a word which has not been used since the days of St. John Chrysostom. My editor agrees with him, although he has not said so owing to the fact that the entente cordiale between us is no longer perceptible.

I maintain, however, and shall continue to maintain, that no word is so endangered thereby, that any word which seemed good to the late Noah Webster is good enough for me. Nor do I intend to show any special favoritism in my use of words. Why should I say "worker of miracles" when "thaumaturgical" means the same and makes the other fellow feel so much more uncomfortable?

STUYVESANT BROWN.

THE GRAND PROMOTER

His Landlady Calls Him Aside Concerning Back Board Bill.

TAKES HIM BY SURPRISE.

Goes to His Office After Promising to Send Mrs. Plunkett a Check—Experience With Deaf and Dumb Man Angers the Faker.

(Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.)

When Major Crofoot was ready to leave his boarding house for the office the other morning his landlady asked him to step into the parlor for a moment, and, shutting the door on him, she said:

"Major, you are now six weeks behind on your board and room rent."

"Six weeks is it?" he exclaimed.

"Why, it has been such a haven of rest to me here that I can't possibly imagine that six whole weeks have passed."



"YOUR BILL IS \$60."

Do you know, Mrs. Plunkett, that there is only one woman in ten thousand fitted to run a boarding house and that you are one of the few? Your table groans with luxuries; your beds are the finest horsehair; the motherly smile with which you greet every one is something simply seraphic. It can't be six weeks; it can't be."

"Six weeks, major, and what are you going to do about it? My smile may be seraphic, but it takes money to keep it going. Your bill is \$60."

"Only sixty? Why, my dear woman, if you had said a hundred I should have thought it cheap enough. I shall bring you up a check this evening, of course. Glad you spoke. These trifles sometimes escape my memory."

"Very well, major," said Mrs. Plunkett. "If you should forget the check I should have to—"

"You can send the girl down to the office in an hour if you wish, and if you want six weeks in advance you can have it. Good morning, my dear. That bacon this morning was fit for the gods."

The major reached his office with a feeling that he must do some business or he was a lost man. He hadn't expected Mrs. Plunkett to come down on him for two weeks yet and therefore hadn't removed his clothes. He had not been in the office five minutes when a man knocked on the half open door and was bidden to enter. He was a stranger and a prosperous looking man. The major's mind was instantly made up. He placed a chair for him and said:

"You are, no doubt, looking for an investment, and you have come to the right place. Times are a bit dull just now, and I am going to offer you something special. I'll not ask you to take anything paying less than 30 per cent dividends. I'll just run over a list of what I've got, and you can tell me what you think of them."

The caller smiled faintly and nodded, and the major cleared his throat and continued:

Rather Good Thing.

"There's the great American two end nursing bottle, one of my own inventions. Been on the market only a year, and yet we can't fill the demands. The bottles cost us 10 cents and sell for 60. Two babies can drink at once, you see, or the mother can fill one side with milk and the other with ginger ale. We divided 45 per cent the other day. Stock has gone to 250, but I'll try and get you some at 90. Rather good thing, don't you think so?"

The caller bowed and smiled.

"But perhaps you want more for your money? Don't blame you, for all of us are looking for good things. You may have heard of the Universal Pumpkin Pie company? I didn't get the idea myself, but bought it of a widow. The pumpkin pie has been with us ever since the time of the pilgrim fathers. Can't drive it away. It grows in popularity. Always been worth 10 cents at the bakery. Been the same old pie for 200 years, but now it is to be changed and improved. Our company has invented a way of improving the crust so that it looks like a plaque and is also ornamented with pictures. If you don't want to eat the crust, then hang it up as a picture. In a few weeks you will have the parlor walls covered with plaques worth a dollar apiece in any art store. Lord, but you ought to see how the people are rushing for our pie! In some places, particularly in Italy, which is the home of art and the black hand, our sales rooms are fairly besieged."

The major paused to see how his caller was taking the news, but saw

no change in him. He was smiling and looking at the toe of his shoe.

"We haven't had a dividend on the stock yet, but it is sure to go to 80. I was offered 435 for stock yesterday, but declined it. However, I am willing to divide a good thing with you. Suppose I let you have a few thousand at 250?"

The stranger didn't nod, nor did he shake his head. He remained neutral.

Pumpkin Pie Scheme.

"Want something still better, eh?" laughed the major. "The pumpkin pie scheme will pay better than any diamond mine in South Africa, but if you want cent per cent for your money I'll have to give it to you. Can't always keep the good things for little rings, you know. You know about sheep, of course? You know they have to be washed and sheared before their wool can be marketed? That has always been a matter of cost and trouble. The problem of how to do away with it has worried the brightest minds of the world ever since there was any demand for wool. It was called to my attention only six weeks ago, but what is the result? I took the problem under consideration, and in twenty-four hours I saw my way clear to organizing and incorporating the 'worldwide Crofoot substitute.' I stand today a world beneficiary. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and Newton discovered gravity, but I have discovered a way to remove the fleece from sheep without washing or shearing. You are listening, I presume?"

The caller was, or seemed to be. He had lifted his eyes from the toe of his shoe to the top button of the major's linen vest—the vest that wanted washing and ironing as bad as his wearer wanted ready cash.

"Then here is the plan. You shear a sheep and then cover his shorn body with a coat of our specially prepared wax. Keeps the flecks from boring into his hide; keeps out the wet; keeps off the cold; prevents sunstroke. The new coat of wool grows right through the wax. Wax holds it in place until ready for removal. When shearing time comes you drive your sheep into a warm room, the wax melts, they kick their fleeces off, and there you are. The fleeces are gathered up and washed by machinery—a hundred fleeces a minute. You have heard of big things in this world, but did you ever hear of a bigger thing than this—waxing, shearing and washing done for 4 cents each, a saving of 20 cents on every sheep? It is computed that there are 150,000,000 sheep in the world. Look at the profit. Why, man, if we don't divide 500 per cent among us we shall be a sick lot of men. Stock is now selling at 900, but if you want to come in on the ground floor—"

The caller got up and walked around.

"You must see what an investment I offer you."

"The caller looked out of one of the windows."

"I might perhaps offer you the vice presidency of the company at a salary of one hundred thousand a year."

The caller wrote something on a leaf of his memorandum book and tore it out.

"I shall be glad of an order from you," said the major.

He was handed the note. It read:

"I am deaf and dumb. Is there a man in this building that hones razors?"

"Not by a darned sight!" shouted the major as he pointed to the door.

The man stopped long enough to write a second note and pass it along. It read:

"Then why didn't you say so in the first place?" M. QUAD.

Uncharitable.

"Bliggins says he owes everything to his wife."

"Well," answered the man who never has a kind word, "I don't know of any one else who would take a chance on being his creditor."—Pittsburg Post.

Had Him Frightened.

"Oh," she said as he led her to a seat. "I could die waiting."

"Well," he replied, "to tell you the truth, I was afraid owing to the way you breathed that you were going to."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In Training.

"There's no use complaining, Willie. You're bound to be driven by a woman some day, so you might as well get used to it while you're young!"—Browning's Magazine.

A Stinging Retort.

Wax Bead (proudly)—I am going in a necklace which I am assured cannot be told from real pearls.

Brass Ring (sarcastically)—Aw, they are stringing you.—Baltimore American.

Even Worse.

"A public man should be careful not to say anything he will be sorry for."

"Yes, and yet he's lucky if he merely says it instead of putting it in writing and signing his name to it."—Minneapolis Journal.

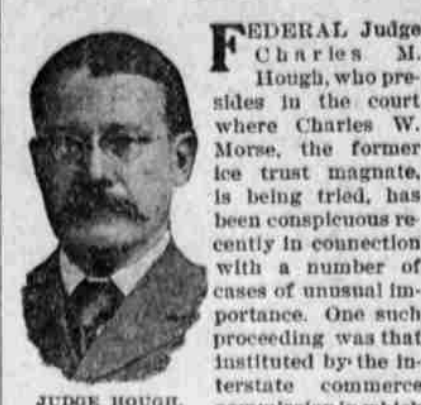
Was In For Bad.

"I am out of politics for good," announced the ex-boss.

"For good? I suppose you mean for the good of politics."—Kansas City Times.

In the Bright Limelight.

Judge Charles M. Hough, Who Presides in the Morse Trial—Trixie Friganza as a Suffragette—Admiral Ijtin.



JUDGE HOUGH.

an attempt was made to compel E. H. Harriman to answer certain questions about the operation of the railroads he controls. He was appointed a member of the United States court for the southern district of New York by President Roosevelt in 1906 and is reputed an expert in admiralty and bankruptcy law. This makes him especially qualified for presiding in a case like that against Mr. Morse, in which many difficult questions have arisen pertaining to what constitute illegal and irregular acts in banking. The case has directed attention anew to the peculiar methods of "high finance" as practiced in times not long gone by in New York. Judge Hough was born in Philadelphia in 1858 and was graduated in 1879 from Dartmouth college.

Miss Trixie Friganza, who is engaged in a crusade in behalf of the extension of the rights of her sex, has



TRIXIE FRIGANZA.

the leading role in a play running at a leading New York theater, entitled "The American Idea," a piece which has proved one of the musical hits of the season. She has taken up woman suffrage ideas with enthusiasm and when not engaged in the work of her profession may generally be found making speeches advocating giving women the ballot or organizing her campaign. With Miss Stella Hammerstein, daughter of Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario, she is planning a monster demonstration at the New York city hall in behalf of woman suffrage. She says:

"We beg all women who have the interest of their sex at heart to join with us and aid in making the demonstration at the city hall historic. The days of milk and water oratory and lamblike lobbying are over. We must show our power and give the men a fight."

Miss Friganza is not exactly a stern visaged and serious minded woman such as the public is apt to picture as the leader of a woman suffrage demonstration. It is hard to fancy her "giving the men a fight." The theater going public thinks of her as a dashing, gay and handsome woman like the sportive widow in "The Prince of Pilsen," a part which was thought to fit her precisely. It was Digby Bell who once described her thus:

"Trixie Friganza! Brightest and prettiest. I promoted her from the chorus in 'The Tar and the Tartar' for being bright and pretty and fined her the next day for being 'fresh' and making unauthorized additions to her costume."

Vice Admiral Baron Ijtin, who was honored with the command of the Japanese squadron assigned to welcome Rear Admiral Sperry's fleet to the waters of the midland's empire, visited America not long ago. He was then in command of the squadron which represented Japan in the naval demonstration held at Hampton Roads in connection with the Jamestown exposition.

Admiral Ijtin gave a dinner on his flagship to the officers of the American battleship fleet, which was one of the chief events in the long programme of welcoming events designed by the Japanese to show their good will toward Americans. He is the inventor of the Ijtin fuse, which is used by the Japanese in the manufacture of torpedoes, and during the Russian war he was assistant director of the naval general staff.



BARON IJITIN.

ADMIRAL COUNT TOGO.

ENJOYS GREEN OLD AGE.

D. O. Mills at Eighty-three and His Philanthropies.

Darius Ogden Mills is sometimes called the Nestor of American philanthropists and financiers. He recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday, but he is still hale and hearty and active in various pursuits. His memories go back to the time of John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, yet he is interested in the doings of the twentieth century and abreast of the current of events in the year 1908. He is exceptionally honored and trusted in the financial world, but it is for his numerous philanthropies that he will doubtless be longest remembered, especially for what he has done in the erection of hotels which are really benevolent institutions without posses-



DARIUS OGDEN MILLS AT EIGHTY-THREE.

ing the name. In these hotels men of slender means can find comfortable and pleasant homes without loss of self respect and without their being encouraged to live upon the bounty of others.

When he first began building such cheap but homelike hotels Mr. Mills had been for some time studying the problems involved in certain social conditions he had observed. He wanted to do something on a large scale that would help men who were struggling to get along on small incomes. He saw that men capable of earning barely enough to eke out a living amid unclean and unhealthful surroundings were dangerously near pauperism or criminality. He saw that hundreds of young men, honest, industrious and well intentioned, were unable to save any part of their small wages because of the adverse conditions influencing their mode of living. It was to reduce the cost of lodgings and of food to a minimum for the benefit of the poor that Mr. Mills determined to build his cheap hotels. Their success has been noteworthy, and their founder takes much pride in what he regards as object lessons in economy. He has not overlooked the needs of poor but honest women either and has built model apartments for their use and also for the use of families of small incomes.

IDOL OF JAPANESE.

Hero of Sea of Japan, the Modest Admiral Count Togo.

Admiral Count Togo, who has been Japan's idol ever since his victory over the fleet of Rojestevenky in the sea of Japan, gave a reception on his flagship, the Mikasa, to the officers of the American fleet on the arrival in Japanese waters. The admiral's bravery is exceeded only by his modesty. He is now chief of the general staff of the Japanese navy and in case of



ADMIRAL COUNT TOGO.

hostilities between Japan and any other power would fall heir to that position to a large share of the strategic work in connection with the navy's operations. In expressing his feelings toward the American people and their naval representatives Togo said:

"I sincerely welcome the visit of this magnificent fleet representing a nation whose friendship with our country is traditional, and I sincerely hope that the fleets of America and Japan may be the happy means of uniting the two nations in eternal bonds."

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1-8 sack 60c. 1-4 sack \$1.35.

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C. E. BURRIS,
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